

A toy which people cry for,
And on their knees apply for,
Dispute, contend, and lie for,
And if allowed
Would be right proud
Eternally to die for. — Ambrose Pierce

BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By

CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

And edited by him until his death,
February 7, 1906.



JAMES E. HUGHES, Proprietor
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Lexington, Kentucky.
P. O. Box 235.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will
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be sent, if asked for upon renewal in
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SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his
or her address, address slip, or change
both old and new address, as desired,
THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade
is at 126-128 North Limestone Street,
Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Free-
thinkers will be given a hearty wel-
come.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice
at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-
class mailing matter.
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
JAMES E. HUGHES, Box 235, Lexing-
ton, Kentucky.

Mr. John R. Charlesworth has re-
turned from the Editorship of the
Blade and is not now connected with
the paper in any capacity.

All mail matter intended for the
Blade, whether communications for
the paper, advertisements or remittances
for subscriptions should be
addressed to James E. Hughes or to
the Blue Grass Blade. To address it
otherwise, or to any other individual,
is to incur the risk of loss.

Referring to a recent publication
in the daily press to the effect that
the Blade had mailed its last issue, we
wish to say that the paper is still
published at the old stand and will
continue to be. The publication was
inspired by enemies of the Blade, and
had no foundation whatever in fact.
We have simply reduced other ex-
penses to put the paper on a paying
basis, and expect to improve the qual-
ity of its contents from week to week.
There is no immediate prospect of its
death or sale.

Many Christians accept the gospel
as being true, not that they com-
prehend them, but because they lack
the mental vigor to question or deny
them.

If you wish to unite all Freethink-
ers as they should be get busy and
subscribe for the Blue Grass Blade.

Does the Blue Grass Blade please
you? If it pleases you would it not
also please your friends? Why not
hand them a copy and get them to
subscribe?

Why should a future life be the sole
desire of man? The mere thought of
meeting again after death could never
console for the loss of a dear friend
now. We want our friends now. We
want them with us just as they are,
and just as we have learned to love
them. There can be no great joy in
the belief that some time, in the here-
after, we may meet with only a part
of our friends, under different condi-
tions and circumstances. If the life to
come is unlike the life that is and our
friends are not to be same as they
are now, there is small consolation in
the Christian dream of immortality.

CALLS THE HEAVENS DEAF A SOP TO FAILURES

RABBI HARRISON SAYS PARA-
DISE WAS INVENTED BY
THEOLOGICALS AS AN
ANODYNE.

"SUCCESS" HIS TOPIC.

"Blessed Are the Unpopular," De-
clares Clergyman in Sermon at
the Temple Israel.

That heaven is a place invented by
theologians partly to reward those
wise enough to agree with them and
partly to comfort failures, to keep
them from tearing the successful to
pieces, was the gist of the argument
of Rabbi Leon Harrison in his address
before Temple Israel yesterday morn-
ing. This paradise of the theologians
he declared is a sop thrown to Cer-
berus, an anodyne, a pacifier.

The subject of Doctor Harrison's
sermon was "The Great God—Sue-
cess." He said in part:
"Success means to get what every-
body wants. The question is: Is what
you want worth your need, or that
which you ought to have? Would it
not be a fatality to give all men their
heart's desire? We would kill them
with kindness. We pay too dearly
for our desires. It is the story of the
"magic skin," the symbol of life itself
that strank with every heart's desire
fulfilled.

"Men how down to the golden calf,
even to a donkey that is golden. They
worship that which is like the por-
cupine. Especially today of this time
we are in for the souls of men, less
for the learning of men. Most for
their material achievements and for
their substantial possessions.

Different Standpoints.
"We do not often ask: Have they
got what they want? But we ask:
Have they what everybody else wants?
They may deem themselves highly
noblely successful, but from our stand-
point they may be failures. Or we
may deem them geniuses of achieve-
ment, yet they may know the ghastly

poverty of their own spirit, the spiri-
tual bankruptcy of their lives, however
enormous in outward seeming.
"History is the worship of the man
who did. The hero is the deer. If he
does that which no one else dares
to do, he is a martyr. Some men's
summary of the new commandments
is 'The popular, swim with the stream.'
Yet only dead things float always with
the current. It argues little to be
swift in the downward flow.

"Let us create new heautitudes.
Blessed are the unpopular. Blessed
are they that do not stand in a row.
Blessed are they that dare to be
themselves; to think their own thoughts;
to live their own life; to follow their
star.

Heaven a Sop.

"We need not a philosophy of suc-
cess, but a philosophy of failure. How
shall we explain sorrow, remorse, suf-
fering, heart-break, poverty, sickness?
Do they spell success or failure?
Deserved or undesired, purposeful or
unpurposely? My good is my suc-
cess. Ought my good to conflict with
the common good? Ought it not to
score for humanity as for me?

"That is the burning question to-
day. This line of cleavage splits so-
ciety into individualists and socialists,
conservatives and radicals. Heaven
is a place that theologians have in-
vented, partly to reward those wise
enough to agree with them, partly
to comfort failures, to keep them from
tearing the successful to pieces. It
is the sop thrown to Cerberus, an
anodyne, a pacifier.

"Politics is a game of the strong
hand, and war also.
"But the greatest truths are not
decided by popular vote—not piloted
by not aesthetes, nor science, nor
even ethics. If we wrote down only
the morality that we see and not that
which we simply hear, it would be a
gigantic immorality, restrained only
by the policeman's club and the
seal of one's neighbor's tongue."

SPINSTERS FOOM A JAGGED PHILOSOPHY

I know of no better philosophy than
the philosophy of making the best of
this world.

I know of no higher religion than
the simple religion of doing the square
thing.

And the square thing means do your
share (and spread) and be happy.

It is not the bowman of Abraham I
seek. It is the good will of those
whom I meet on this "dusty road to
death."

We are too often told that we do
not take the world to come, seriously
enough. But I say unto you, seriously
we take it too seriously. We think too
much of what shall happen to us when
we are dead and not enough of what
shall happen to us while we live.

So far as we have any rational idea,
the cold soil is the end of all. The
vague fancies we have of a home be-
yond this turmoil, are born of hope,
and angels are but creatures of our
dreams, warmed to life with Love.

We know that we cannot take from
nor add to the destiny that awaits.
We know that within our bodies is
a power whose energies we may direct
for good or evil here—that in the cul-
tivation of noble thoughts and tender
mercies we arrive at the portals of a
heaven that satisfies all the longings
of the soul.

The thing that should concern you
is not whether you shall sit with the
saints that are dead, but whether you
shall be worthy of fellowship with the
living.

Life is really but a register of our
affections. If you shed the light of
Love upon every germ of good, you
will meet the full measure of a man.
Creeds and cults are barbarous—
restrain growth—hinder the univer-
sal good. Rituals are but links—
chains that shackle the race.

To fulfill our obligations to the men
and women and children who are
daily companions on the journey
through the wilderness of life, is the
only dependable religion.
There is no higher obligation than
the love we owe to our brothers. If
there be worlds hereafter with whis-
pering angels and golden wings and
green meadows where we shall meet
to talk it over when the day of Life
is gathered into dusk, and the
lovely life lies through Love—
the cold, mysterious love of some su-
perior being, but the same simple
earth born love that you have known

—love with its human tears and
smile—the love that feels and knows
how weak we are—the love that un-
derstands, forgives and forgets.

We talk of God's compassion, but
diviner far is the tear of sympathy
that brother sheds one for another
here on this earth, where the road
is long and weary and the brambles
end deep.

The only grace that can save you is
the grace you have within—the mercy
you show unto others and the mercy
that it begets for you. Worship is not
a ritualistic performance on which
some unseen Deity looks from heav-
en's battlements on the seventh day.
Worship is work. One day is as holy
as another.

There is no anthem like a happy
laugh, and no prayer so eloquent as a
kind act. The real reverence is cov-
ered by no cowl. The man who leads
the helping hand is left in debt.

Men who have filled the world with
fears and doubts—dogmas that make
men cowers—are enemies unwarlike
of mankind.
Your worry and your doubt and
your fears are expressions of disease
—of darkness—of dwarfed growth.

We of this age are victims of men
who fastened upon our forebears doc-
trines born in the greed of power—
the thirst of supremacy.
Our ideas of God blaspheme.

If we have a mission—if the spark
of immortality inhabit this frame of
mortal flesh, you cannot better pre-
serve it than by living free from fac-
inating headlines to God, free of
entanglements which obscure the ob-
ligations you owe to the only world
and the only life of which you know
anything.

The man who worries over the
question mark that looms up on the
horizon of life knows nothing of the
joy of liberty—of faith in the Archi-
tect of the Universe. His bonds have
sapped his strength, and fear and
doubt have shut the light from his
soul.
I fear no evil. I know that if In-
telligence rule, upon it there is no
blood-clot of crime.
Our religion has only to do with
man's relation to this world. The
gods we should worship are here.
And I tell you that not in heaven
are there more angels than tread this
vale, nor hath hell hall the demons.
Strong in that faith, let us sip the

wine of all creeds—let us steal the
honey from the roses of all religions.
And when we have done we shall
have lived aright.
For the rose of life is Love, death
but a living frost. In eternity it will
bloom again, if there is reason. If
not, all shall be well.—Wm. Caruthers
in Gems of Thought.

IGNORANCE.

Ignorance has two constant allies
—superstition and jealousy.

Every new idea, every step forward
in the world's progress has met this
trio at the threshold. Ignorance has
defied, superstition has feared, jeal-
ousy has fought every advancement.
"The discoveries of new arts and
sciences," says Disraeli, "have hardly
ever lived to see them adopted by the
world."

Progress alone, but virtue itself
has been persecuted.
Socrates paid the death penalty for
no other offense than his intelligence
and virtue.

It required courage in those days
to think.

It has always required courage to
be honest.
Ignorance is often powerful, it is
always cruel.

Knowledge has had a hard fight for
existence.

Albert the Great the god-father of
the phonograph, spent thirty years
creating a machine that gave forth
vocal sounds, which Thomas Aquinas
denounced in thirty sessions.

And the latter thought he had done
the more commendable thing.
Such was the nature of Thirteenth
century intolerance.

Trithemius, the grandfather of
stereography, was branded as a dis-
ciple of the devil and his manuscripts
of "diabolical mysteries" were pub-
licly burned.

The school-boy experiments of Cor-
nellius Agrippa so startled the Fifteenth
century that he was compelled to
flee from the wrath of those who
believed him in league with evil spir-
its.

The old world has had a hard time
establishing its rightful place in the
universe.

All its best friends have suffered
the penalties of torture or the grave.
In 1616 the church placed the ban
upon the great work of Copernicus.
For over 200 years his truths were
discredited.

It is less than a century since his
light was permitted to shine.
Galileo suffered persecution as a
pledge of his sincerity.

Ignorance belittled his prison doors,
bigotry burned his manuscripts.
It is a significant fact that in the
century of Galileo's death occurred
the birth of Newton.

Ignorance has had to battle with
great minds in every age.
Roger Bacon, "the geometrical
monk," was kept in close confinement
for years as a penalty for telling the
truth.

The truth was painfully unpopular
even as late as the close of the seven-
teenth century.

Error wore the ermine.
Truth occupied the dungeons and
wore the chains.

Mankind has always exacted great
sacrifices from its deliverers.
The reward of truth is its triumph.
—Machinas' Journal.

THE BEST BUSINESS.

He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it; has a
mind
That humors and supplies it; and
who seeks
A social and a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engaged
to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may
seem,
To him that leads it, wise and to be
praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most suc-
cess
Sought in still water, and beneath
clear skies.
—Cooper.

NEW CHRONICLES.

THE TEN YEAR LONG DREAM

THAT MADE INGERSOLL
FAMOUS.

(By E. J. Edwards.)

Any standard American encyclope-
dia or biographical dictionary will tell
you that Col. "Bob" Ingersoll was
one of America's most famous orators.
Certain it is, that in many re-
spects Ingersoll stands out as the
greatest orator America has yet pro-
duced. Emotionally, this is so, and as
a Shakespearean orator, so called, it
is generally conceded that none has
equaled him. He, too, possessed the
rare gift of putting that elusive some-
thing into his periods that make them
seem to be the words of a talker who
when they are read, as they did when
their creator delivered them with all
the power of his magnificent eloquence
and personality. Few, very few, of
the world's famous orations so arouse

Thoughts On Religion

Fear Debases Mankind and Lares
Obedience to Authority.

(By Channing Severance.)

Genuine religion which is belief and
worship applied to a phantom soul, is
the runkest kind of superstition, and
it is kept alive and perpetuated be-
cause of its power to subjugate and
control the masses through fear: the
most potent influence ever applied to
ignorant minds. Fear debases and in-
sures obedience to authority, making
men the slaves of priestcraft and tyr-
annical governments.

All governments favor religion;
and the reason is found in the fact
that minds saturated with it, are more
easily controlled and have greater re-
spect for "authority" than those
minds which reject it. Religious peo-
ple are not radical thinkers, for be-
lieving in God, and holding fast to the
idea that the affairs of this world are
under his control, a spirit of resigna-
tion animates them and prevents any
serious disturbance of society, no
matter how rotten and corrupt things
become. When religions people get
restless and discontented because of
oppression and injustice, they are
quieted by being told that "God's
ways are not our ways," and there is
a purpose in their afflictions, which,
while not now understood, will,
have been perfectly clear in the world to
come. They are also led to believe
that their suffering is chastening, and
that the greater one's sufferings here,
the more certain will be their bliss
and felicity in the life without end. Such
people are not apt to do much think-
ing or looking about governments and
the way those in authority conduct
themselves; for regarding this life as
a temporary affair and something li-
able to be ended unexpectedly any day,
they concern themselves more about
the next world than this one.

Because Paul told them in his day
to be obedient to authority, the
champs still think they must be, and
so when radical reforms are started
the unbeliever and the Freethinker is
the man that does the business. Be-
lieving in a sovereign God, and a
sure preventative of rational think-
ing. It is therefore the worst thing
that can afflict mortal man, for that
which prevents rational thought and
keeps the mind dormant, insures a
life of error and a life without limit. A
life of error and a life without limit.

When a man has once got rid of
his religion he feels a relief words
cannot express, and I never knew of
a case where a former victim of that
mind-paralyzing superstition known
as religion, after he had been freed,
lost his faith in it. The world is
hungry for new ideas, and the stale
rot that has been fed so long in the
name of God and Jesus is turning the
stomachs of untold numbers; for
which let us hope, so long dormant, a
new reason, so long dormant, a
credit.

the blood when they are seamed on
the printed page.

As everybody familiar with Ingersoll's
career knows, he gained na-
tional fame through his "Planned
Knicht" speech. The day before he
delivered it he was unknown; the day
after his name was on the lips of the
country. But not until now has it
been told how Ingersoll came to con-
ceive his masterpiece, how he built it
up sentence by sentence through a
period of a year and then, to please
his brother, clinched his hold on fame
by writing it down in a few minutes.
One Memorial Day, two or three
years after he had begun the practice
of law in New York City, Col. Ingersoll
stood on a corner watching the
veterans of the civil war as they
marched past the reviewing stand.

The Opening Words.

There were tears in his eyes as he
looked upon the old soldiers, and
turning to me he repeated the open-
ing sentence of his justly celebrated
Memorial Day address, which you
see engraved in bronze in the Na-
tional Cemetery at Arlington:

"The past rises before me like a
man." He saw, almost as vividly
as he had seen in the days of the war
itself, the soldiers on their march,
rallying to the attack, charging, fall-
ing, dying for their country.

As he walked away in my company
after the procession had passed, I
asked him if it were true that he
wrote his famous "Planned Knicht"
speech at about midnight one night,
as had been incidentally reported.

Seizing my arm and moving slowly
through Madison Square, Col. Ingersoll
replied:

"That story is partly correct. But
the real truth is that I was ten years
writing that speech. I had been a
great admirer of James G. Blaine
from the time he was first a member
of Congress. I thought he was a typi-
cal American and would make a great
President. I pictured to myself
Blaine in political action. He often
fascinated me when I saw him sitting
in the chair of the Speaker of the
House of Representatives. Every
now and then a thought would come
to me in which I expressed to myself
my ideas and my ideals of Blaine.
"I went to the Republican nation-

man's thinker was made to use, and
those who do not exercise it without
restraint of fear are losing the most
satisfactory blessing and
privilege that Nature has given to
man."

The power and the plea-
sure are contained in mental action,
in the exercise of the mind in perfect
freedom on all questions and subjects,
gives to mankind the highest kind of
happiness; and this faculty, to think
and to reason, which elevates him
above brutes, can and will, if not re-
strained by religion and superstition,
raise the race to heights never yet at-
tained. But while religion continues
to muddle the brains of any portion
of the race, that portion will be kept
back and slow. The most religious
nation on the globe is probably Russia
and she is the most backward and un-
developed. There it is a crime to teach
the peasants how to read and write,
for if her vast hordes of human be-
ings, in a later stage of development,
are to be kept under the iron heel of
despotism, as they now are, religion
and ignorance must make it possible.
The progress of all nations has been
dependent on getting away from reli-
gion and religion is therefore, and no
exception can be found in history.

The United States with all its im-
perfections in government and unjust
laws, is the foremost nation in exis-
tence, and there is less religion among
the people at large, than can be
found elsewhere. Our greatest prog-
ress has been made in the last sixty
years, and we have grown intellectually
during that time more as a whole
people than we did from the very set-
tling of the country by our forefathers.
We are striving ahead with rapid
 strides, because religion is petering
out and does not yield the influence
it once did on society. But it is yet a
wide-spread and dangerous force, and
it is fought to prevent as far as
possible its evil influence.

When a man has once got rid of
his religion he feels a relief words
cannot express, and I never knew of
a case where a former victim of that
mind-paralyzing superstition known
as religion, after he had been freed,
lost his faith in it. The world is
hungry for new ideas, and the stale
rot that has been fed so long in the
name of God and Jesus is turning the
stomachs of untold numbers; for
which let us hope, so long dormant, a
new reason, so long dormant, a
credit.

at convention of 1876 at Cincinnati,
in the company of my brother. We
shared a parlor and had two bed-
rooms at the hotel. My brother knew
that I had been asked to place Blaine
in nomination. He became very nerv-
ous because I did not sit down and
write out my speech. He was con-
tinually prodding me to do this, but
I put him off. But I was really writ-
ing that speech all the time mentally.
I composed the first of it on the rail-
road on my way to Cincinnati. All
the ideas that had come to me men-
tally during the last few years, I now
put upon the expression of my thought.

Wrote the "Thought of Year."
"On the evening of the day before
the nominating speeches were to be
made, my brother said to me: 'Hob,
you have got to write that speech be-
fore you go to bed.'"

"All right," I said, "I'll write it
this evening." So, a little before
midnight I took pen and ink and two
or three sheets of paper and wrote
out the speech. I was simply copying
what was in my mind,—what I had
been years writing. You know this
is the way Webster prepared his fam-
ous reply to Hayne. After I had
done that I went to bed and was soon
sound asleep. I simply did it to please
my brother, and that is the way that
they call the "Planned Knicht" speech
was put down on paper at midnight in
ten minutes."

Blaine did not go for humanity in a
week than the good Christians wor-
ship have done since Moses is said to
have led the children of Israel out of
Egypt. The bible god incited and
permitted slavery. Blaine failed and
wrote for freedom. The bible god
devastated people with plague and
pestilence. Blaine wrought peace with
therapy.

Every new truth is an obstacle in
superstition's path, and finding lodge-
ment in a fertile mind or brain makes
stronger for itself than for others. The
Blade works for that glorious con-
summation. It may not accomplish
much, but it will continue to do its
best. Our suggestion is that you strive
to get the Blade into the hands of as
many of your friends as possible.

CRIME OF FRANCISCO FERRER

By Dr. J. B. Wilson.

Death does not make the martyr, but the cause. For the heinous crime of attempting to direct his beloved, prestate nation, in the paths of a higher education, Francisco Ferrer fell a martyr to the hate of the church and its allies, the aristocracy of Spain. "Never," said he, "will we have real men and real women—never will we regain our prestige among nations, till we give our children a rational and scientific education." With this end in view he gave his whole soul to the work of the regeneration of his country.

Not Wanted.

The priests did not want that kind of education. It made thinkers and men instead of blind Christian followers. The nobility did not want it. It made republicans instead of fawning, slave-serving royalists. Ferrer must die.

Education as it is in Spain.

For a thousand years the education of the Spanish people has been in the hands of the clergy, with the following present showing. The whole country has but few more schools than the state of Ohio. There are very few school buildings. The children are packed into convenient rooms, which are kept in a shocking condition, with poor light and ventilation, and are really the abodes of death. Each year 50,000 children die of maladies contracted in these schools; 250,000 come out of the streets in health; 480,000 run the broken without receiving any education whatever, and so acquiring vicious habits. The teachers are chiefly the "Brothers and Sisters," and the amount of education received is but little more than the ritual of the church. The result is that Spain today has 10,000,000 illiterates, or about one-third of her population. Fifty thousand conscripts enter the army every year who are unable to read and write.

The Blight of Parochial Schools.

Now you have a picture of what clericalism has done for the schools of Spain. But that has not done for Spain as a nation. It has disqualified the Spanish people for statesmanship, diplomacy, commerce, manufacture, business, agriculture, and nearly everything else that goes to make up a modern civilization. This is the result of the medieval education. The lack of education produced the lack of great minds to conduct her affairs and to compete with the great minds of other nations. She was unable to hold her own in the modern world, and so fell from her high rank among nations to one of the lowest—a decadent country, without invention or initiative, without stimulation or endeavor, without hope as long as the present system of education prevails; and, excepting Russia, the last of the priest-ridden nations of the civilized world.

Death to the Reformer.

Spain has not been without her great-minded men, but they have been murdered. The old spirit of the Inquisition prevails, and it meant death to the reformer who should attempt to change the old order of things.

Finally one great soul arose, who clearly perceived that the salvation of Spain lay in the change of the educational system, and who dared to set in motion a revolution in this direction. Not through torture and death, or by any force did he attempt this regeneration of Spain but simply by the establishment of a secular school system such as we have in this country. "My whole aim," said he, "is to produce an educational system which shall have society on affection and fraternity and direct all classes toward progress and happiness, and make them strong, healthy and free." The name of this great soul was

Francisco Ferrer.

A few wealthy people, among them a woman, supplied him with the necessary funds. He founded the first modern school in Barcelona in 1901. He erected modern school buildings, with modern equipments, and placed a distributing library in each. In 1906, when the trouble broke out, he had founded one hundred of these modern schools throughout Spain. Besides, he established co-education of the sexes, which was particularly offensive to the clergy. He got up an entirely new system of school books (a still greater offense), which attracted the attention of educators in other countries, and the name of Francisco Ferrer began at once to take high rank among the educators of the world. These modern schools, with their libraries, were fast spreading modern ideas far and wide throughout illiterate, decadent, priest-ridden Spain.

Ferrer Must Die.

The clerical wrath at once arose, when it saw the people taking to

this new system of education based upon science and freed of all dogmatic and supernatural conception. The Archbishop of Barcelona, in a letter to the head of the government (Senor Maura), signed by himself and all the prelates of the province of Catalonia, urged the government to suppress and stamp out the godless schools, as well as the radical press and all the anarchist groups. He was scientist, philosopher or founder of a modern school, if he opposes the priest-hood, and the government at once, classed as an Anarchist. The republicans of Spain, who would be content with half of the liberty we have in this country, are Anarchists in the clerical eye. If they rise up in protest, demanding better conditions, so they and their families may live just a little as human beings ought to live, if they demand a voice in public affairs, the news is spread over the world that a heinous, anarchistic mob is loose in Barcelona. This of course is for the purpose of blinding the world to their own tyranny and retaining the sympathy of the world on their side.

An Educator, Not an Anarchist.

Ferrer by training and temperament was the last man in the world to expect social salvation from barricades and bombs. He knew he had everything to lose and nothing to gain from the spirit of violence and mob law. His barricades were the school desks; his bombs were modern demonstrated facts; his men-at-arms were only school teachers; his fold of action not that of violence, but of pedagogic innovation and improvement. In 1906 he was arrested on the trumped-up charge of being an accomplice in the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso at the time of his marriage, and was sent to prison. This, of course, was for the purpose of breaking up his schools by putting him out of the way. The schools and influence were growing. This meant the death of the parochial schools in time and possibly a change from the medieval to the republican form of government. He was in prison thirteen months. Still his schools grew.

His Trial and Release.

His trial, which was the merest farce, established no evidence against him, and he was released. All that saved him, however, was the mighty protest made all over Europe. They could not kill him and conceal their guilt from the watchful proletariat, and they had to let him live.

This recently established custom of protest by the press and the people of other countries well illustrates the fact that kings, priests and the money powers can no longer persecute patriots without having the sentiment of the world to consider. No longer can they massacre in the name of their holy religions. No longer can they provoke war and expect the working class to walk out and be shot for a just reason why. All over the world the toilers are saying, "The toiler of other lands is my brother. Why should I fight him and take his property? Why should we be the victims of death when capitalists wish slaying to be done? Why kill and be killed?"

Ferrer a Danger.

Upon his release, Ferrer plunged into his school work again. He knew that one man could not do so very much in his lifetime, but he knew the harvest he was sowing would be reaped by-and-by. He was planning for posterity, and he knew that violent anarchy would spoil his chances of witnessing in his lifetime a successful start of his schools. While his school teachings directly opposed the clergy and some features of government, they were not anarchistic. In this country they would be regarded only as democratic or mildly socialist. Ferrer through his modern schools had become a greater danger than 10,000 anarchists. Already he had become favorably known to great educators of the world. Haekel, Maeterlinck, Sergi of the College of Rome, Anatole France, and a host of distinguished men of letters, philosophers and politicians of note had become his many admirers and friends. He had become a danger to ignorance, bigotry and greed, and they had not awaited the circumstances which would afford them an apparent good reason to take his life.

The Opportunity Comes.

The capitalist war arose between Spain and the Rif tribes of Morocco. A few prominent Spanish capitalists and officials were interested in some mines in the Rif country, which the Rifls claimed as their own property, and proceeded to defend. Spain sent an army of 6,000 soldiers to put down the Rifls. Upon the departure of these regulars the leaders of the nobility went aboard the steamers which were to transport the soldiers and made each a present of cheap medals, sash and cigarettes. But these soldiers, who had no heart in this war, disgusted with this attempt to measure human life by such cheap baubles, threw them overboard. Many of them had not forgotten the blessing they

had received from the Pope on their departure for the American war, and the cheap trinkets given them at that time, nor had they forgotten the result of that war. The crowds that assembled, men and women, fathers and mothers, to witness the departure of many of their sons who never would return, cried "down with war!"

The war soon began to take on big proportions, and a call was made for 75,000 men, which took in the reserves—the laboring men. An uprising arose in Barcelona, and soon spread all over the province of Catalonia. The workmen protested against being drafted and made marks for bullets just for private enterprise and that of a few noblemen and politicians should retain property rights in mines which rightfully belonged to the Rifls. Let the nobility fight their own battles, they said. Our wives and children need us. Why should we die like dogs for nothing?

An Old Trick.

There were riots in Barcelona. Bombs were thrown. The workingmen declare that the bombs were thrown by the hirelings of the clergy and capitalists and not by themselves. This is an old trick, that has often been played by those in power for the purpose of bringing discredit upon the protesting classes and to afford an excuse for the arrest and prosecution of their leaders. The Spanish workmen are all Christian-readers. They regard their worst enemies to be the priests. The clerics were for the war and I was willing that the poor toilers of Spain should go to Africa and be shot in order to protect the property claims of a few noblemen. They urged the militia to charge upon the people, and the civil war ensued. Guided by revenge, the mobs in turn attacked churches and convents. Let it not be forgotten, this was not a Protestant or war war. These people who attacked the churches were all children of the church. It was a family fight. A church that pretends to teach love and reflects the very love of God himself should rear the children in such a manner by her own precepts and example as to command their love and respect, and not their hate. No one ever opposed the religion in which he was reared without just cause. His religion is the last thing a man will give up.

No doubt the mob did many indiscreet things—so did the persecutors. In our court-house riot in Chattanooga a few years ago the mob, including many of our best citizens, committed some of the greatest indiscretions. Mobs always do, but the newspaper reporters we get here of the European mobs and riots are always colored to suit their use by the parties in power. We never get the straight of them. The workingman is always an Anarchist and looter, and not their hate. Arrest of Ferrer.

Here was a good excuse to get rid of Ferrer, and his hateful, godless schools, which had been spreading the gospel of democracy and brotherhood among men. Both clergy and officials charged him with instigating the uprising and influencing the toilers against the capitalist war in Morocco. He was arrested and sent to prison. His schools were broken up and his libraries scattered. Protests poured in from all over the world, but the stupid aristocracy and clergy of Spain heeded them not. The Cortez

had prepared for this occasion by passing a law that all such offenders should be tried by court-martial, which trial should be final, and for which the military should be wholly responsible. This was to relieve the state and crown of any odium that might be cast upon it.

The trial was held in secret and under court-martial, and has been condemned by the whole legal world as a duck trial and the most farce. All the evidence they had, associating Ferrer in any way with the Barcelona movement, was a letter from Morrell, who tried to kill Alfonso, requesting the post of librarian in the Modern school. Ferrer could not keep any one from writing him, asking for a position. Morrell did not receive the appointment. Ferrer was condemned and sentenced to be shot. Here was the opportunity to crush by brute force this movement towards secular education in Spain, and they took advantage of it.

Protests from the highest to the lowest circles continued to pour in, but without avail. Ferrer must die. His light—the first real light that entered Spain for centuries—must be put out. On the morning of October 13th he was led into a courtyard of the prison, stood against the wall and shot by a squad of soldiery. The shots that pierced his heart were heard around the world, and the government of Spain today stands shamefaced before the eyes of all mankind.

The World's Judgment.

Newspaper criticism throughout the world has been condemnatory of Spain. The opinion of the London Telegraph is a fair sample. It says: "Professor Ferrer was one of the noblest and best men in all Europe, and was worthy to be called the Toy-mock trial brings unspeakable humiliation to the civilized world." Scientists, educators and public men and the legal fraternity are universal in their condemnation. But it is the old story over again. It was a family fight. It was a family fight. Progress has ever defeated its martyrs. Some one had to die to make old Spain step out of her medievalism and superstition. It may as well have been Ferrer as some one else. He did not die in vain.

The new birth of Spain began with his death. As Jefferson said, "The blood of martyrs has even watered the tree of Liberty." Spain has killed Ferrer, but his schools will live. In our court-house riot in Chattanooga a few years ago the mob, including many of our best citizens, committed some of the greatest indiscretions. Mobs always do, but the newspaper reporters we get here of the European mobs and riots are always colored to suit their use by the parties in power. We never get the straight of them. The workingman is always an Anarchist and looter, and not their hate. Arrest of Ferrer.

There is a lesson in this world-tragedy, deep and profound. It is this: General Grant's admonition, "Keep church and state forever separate," especially in the matter of education. Keep the schools of America godless, which in reality means, keep the clergy out of them. The reason why they are now so afraid is because they are godless. What have the god schools of Spain to show for the god in them—i. e. the clergy? What but the poor, old Spain of today, illiterate, decadent, medieval, superstitious, poverty-stricken and generally decadent. When the god schools can show the results of

the godless schools, it will be time enough for the clergy to demand a division of the school funds or to go to killing thinkers, reformers, educators and lovers of men. Let God (the clergy) one: get possession of the schools in America and it would be only a short time till we would need a thousand Ferrers.

DEATH OF DR. BARNES, OF ARCOLA, ILLINOIS.

(By Harriet M. Chasz.)

On November 23, 1906, occurred the death of Dr. J. C. Barnes, of Arcola, Ill., at the age of 74 years. We learned of his death with deep sorrow, and while we know that Nature needed the transformation, we yet regret the method when the inexorable edict is pronounced.

Dr. John C. Barnes was born in Clark county, Ind., Sept. 27, 1833. He was married to Elizabeth Bower-Coombe in 1860, and they removed to Illinois in 1866. Three sons were born to them, all of whom survive. For several years Dr. Barnes has been in delicate health, and for weeks past has practically borne the paucity of advancing dissolution.

He planned for his funeral some days before his demise, and his sons followed to the letter his wishes. The ceremony taking place at the cemetery, the remarks being made by a long-time friend—one Dr. J. L. Gunn, of Arcola.

I could myself as highly favored that just one year ago I wrote a sketch of our friend's life, which appeared in the issue of Nov. 22, 1905, of the Blade, and the small expression of appreciation for his life and work was conveyed to him in life instead of being delayed until after death, and I can only reiterate something of the sentiment I then wrote.

Dr. Barnes was born many years in advance of his time, but his vision was prophetic of the halcyon days that must follow the age of enlightenment which he heralded. His prophesy of peace for the people; his longing for practice of gracious gentility and justice, most hasten the happy time for which he hoped and waited.

He has lived and loved and labored and a grateful people will finally appreciate his purpose, for his voluminous writings will be better understood and their import fulfilled as the years go by.

He was a creator and a savior of the race. His sincere idealism was an inspiration, his sunny optimism a benediction.

Our friend sought to eradicate superstition and to bring the order of truth and equity out of the disorder of injustice. His whole life has been consecrated to the constructive process, and his every action has been consistent with his creed.

He has won a peaceful victory for his weapons have been kind words and good wishes, his ammunition unanswerable logic.

His ambition and achievement will continue to grow throughout the ages. His precepts and principles can never die.

Could desire for immortality find fuller fruition? Webster City, Iowa.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

The priesthood want everything closed on Sundays except their gospel shops and their mouths. They wish to monopolize one-seventh of our time whether we wish it or not. They wish to get, and have partly succeeded in getting, the laws enacted to compel all other trades and occupations to shut up shop on their day, and to persecute anyone who disturbs them in their business in any way. They seem to know that they can't (even with the help of their God) compete with honest trade, but must be protected in various ways by the strong arm of the law.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The door is closed on past mistakes. Not backward will we glance. But forward go with firmer faith, That will each day enhance.

We'll look with love on all mankind, For all to us are kin; We'll lend a hand to those who need, And so have peace within.

Orthodox Christianity means to make peace with the devil first, and failing in that direction, to arrange terms with the devil.

YULE TIDE GIFTS.

The custom of rejoicing and giving gifts on Dec. 25th did not originate with Christianity. They stole this into as they did with Sunday, the day of the sun. I am special agent for a new Universal Encyclopedia published in the United States in 8 vols. with thousands of illustrations. Price \$12.00. On receipt of this amount I will prepay express charges up to \$1. It would make a splendid Yule Tide gift to a school boy or girl—Norman Murray, 246 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

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